# Miss Diego And the Matador

*By Mildred Cram*

Illustrated by F. C. Yohn.

HE lunched at the American consulate in an open courtyard ablaze with flowers. The table was set under a yellow linen awning, a gentle-voiced Indian boy served very deftly, and Pug, arrayed in a suit of the consul's white clothes, felt electrical with wellbeing. He lifted his glass toward the flag that fluttered lazily over the consulate, and the consul, an amazingly shy, likable chap, met Pug's eyes with a look of deep understanding as they drank to the brave symbol of their race.

"Bianchi has begun to lose faith," he said, "in the Marias claim. The engineer-in-chief sent down by your father paid no attention to the threats of the government. He began work at once, surveyed the old trail, actually broke ground. Some of the material was unloaded at the company's docks in Magella. The president, old Diego, did nothing. Bianchi and I had almost won him over." The consul smiled. "When the nationalists got wind of the matter young Gonelli erupted like a first-class volcano. He appeared in Magella at the head of his band of ruffians and harangued the people from every balcony in the city. He has a way with him, you know. He isn't a Magellan at all; like most of the new school of soldiers and politicians, he came out here from Sicily about five years ago. He has an enormous conceit; yet he's likable. He canvassed Magella like a whirlwind—bullied, bragged, threatened, cajoled—and finally won over old Diego himself. Diego knew that revolutions are founded on just such issues. He listened to Gonelli, swerved very gracefully to his side and appeared with him on the balcony of the palace, one hand resting very fondly on Gonelli's shoulder. The Marias, you understand, belonged to Magella—state property, state advantage, national wealth and all the rest of it. Why, there isn't enough money in the whole country to work the mines. And they are the company's. Old Bianchi staked those claims twenty-five years ago—the first prospector to cross the Santa Christina."

Pug asked very earnestly: "Just how much have the Magellans benefited by our mines in the Santa Christina?"

"Very little. The company always imported American labor when it could."

"You don't agree to that, do you? I mean, from the American as well as the Magellan point of view. Would the Magellans object to us if we had let a few of these gold nuggets sift into the national treasury?"

The consul stared at the tip of his cigarette with a slight frown. "Before I answer," he said, "may I ask how far you can go? Do you represent the Fairchild Company, or will your father——"

"It's my job," Pug explained. "I'm here to put the railway through and to put the fear of God and the name of Fairchild into Magella. I'm as green as that parrot of yours over there; if you have any advice——"

* * * *

THE consul leaned across the table and lowered his voice. "Go to Diego with that talk of gold nuggets from the Fairchild mines," he said eagerly. "Tell Diego that Magella is going to benefit; say that your father stands behind your promises. Listen, Mr. Fairchild—Magella deserves fair treatment. It is a beautiful country, confoundedly mismanaged. The people go in for glory, but they're half starved all the time. The very minute Gonelli gave them a cause to fight for and die for, they attacked the American party engaged in building the new railway, shot the chief engineer and drove the rest back to Columbia, where they are now, barricaded in the village and afraid to move. The manager, McCarthy, is with them. Bianchi, waiting for a miracle, is locked in his house in the suburbs. Whenever he ventures out some one spits at him and calls him ugly names, and the poor old chap takes it awfully to heart. As for me, it is only my official manner that protects me—I think the blessed idiots imagine that I keep an army and a fleet in my coat pocket." He laughed, raised his glass and said: "Here's to you, Mr. Fairchild. You've got a man-sized job."

Pug laughed and pushed back his chair. "Where does Diego live?" he asked. "I'm going to see him before Gonelli gets there."

"Gonelli is unloading those rifles. But I shouldn't advise you to risk the streets just yet. Come up on the roof and I'll show you the palace."

They mounted to the flat roof by an outside stone stairway, and the consul, shading his eyes with one hand, pointed across the city to the twin campanili of the cathedral. Close by, facing the Piazza Independenza, Pug made out the façade of the opera house, flamboyant, spectacular, and unavoidable. Nearer the consulate, separated from it by a tableland of unbroken roof tops, Pug could see a square of rich green—the garden of the president's palace.

Pug chuckled, took a deep breath, swung his arms and started away without a backward glance.

"Well, I'll be damned," the consul said. "Aren't you going to take a hat?"

But Pug was gone. He was thinking, as he padded over the Magellan roof tops, that the waxed dancing floor at Claride's would never see him again. He preferred the joyous sunshine of Magella to all the artful electric illumination on Broadway. He liked the tingling uncertainty, the alluring mystery, the vast promise of Magella. The air was heavy with the odor of ripe fruits and flowers, the acrid, pungent dust of unpaved streets; a faint, alluring fragrance of incense from old churches. It was the hour of siesta. The towering Santa Christina peaks dozed behind a vast curtain of mist. The sea was polished and deeply blue, fringed by a wide half-moon of beach where hazy breakers rolled slowly in and broke in long, white lines of dazzling foam. Far out Pug saw the Liberta, a dozen small boats clustered like barnacles against her rusty sides.

It was easy going across the roofs to that patch of green, the president's garden. Pug dropped from a long, low building that backed up against the palace—the stables probably—and landed in the sturdy branches of an old live oak. He lay there a moment, clasping the big tree affectionately, out of breath, but exalted. Then he slid cautiously to earth and fell headlong into the sort of thing that never happens except in stories. A girl was sitting on the grass reading a book. One of those girls you dream about. Pug stared at her and she stared at Pug, there in the green shadow of the old live oak. Behind her a fountain played, very cool and fresh, a thin jet of sparkling water falling into a shallow basin. And there were old, old hedges clipped as level as a T square, and blazing flowers and tall bushes, and beyond them the gold-white walls of the palace glowing in the sun.

"Hello," Pug said.

"Hello," she answered.

* * * *

THEN they both laughed, and Pug said to himself, with a leap of his heart: "This is the girl I wanted all along. She isn't afraid of anything, not even of me." Aloud, he said: "You speak English——"

"I went to school in Pittsburgh," she answered, and there was just the hint of an accent, Pittsburghian-Spanish, which made her English delicious.

"Like it?" Pug asked.

"Pittsburgh? She nodded, meeting and weighing the Marias claims, "even if Congress has to send a fleet to blow Magella out of the sea." He reminded Diego that he knew the Magellans—the nationalist party—to be armed. One American had already been killed.

Diego snorted suddenly. "He was warned. Come, come, young man. We are not children. The Americans should have been driven out of Magella long ago."

Pug smiled. He wanted to know whether Diego was aware of the real sentiment of the people he governed. If the American company should offer certain advantages—a railway into the interior, a part concession of the Marias to the government, the permanent removal of American labor from the Columbia mines—would the people still object to the detestable Yankees? After all, there wasn't enough money in the country to sink a single shaft. Gonelli might murder a few dozen Americans—would Magella be better off for it? Diego listened in silence with his round, fierce eyes fixed on Pug. He was thinking of Gonelli. He was worried and upset, afraid to break to lose the precious certainty of his youth, the intoxication of falling in love, the joy of crossing swords with an enemy, the anticipation of a glorious tomorrow. There was a warmth in his heart that was like wine. He had sat in the open window all night, staring at the stars, smoking innumerable cigarettes, dreaming dreams that were as colorful as Diego's garden, as delicious as that girl's voice, as vibrant as the beating of his own heart. Rita, up in New York, wouldn't marry him because he hadn't won the battle with life. Miss Diego—hang it all, what was her name? He couldn't go on calling her Miss Diego forever—Miss Diego was the sort of girl who would fight the battle by his side. Rita wanted human souls ready-made and guaranteed to fit, disciplined products polished by the hard knots of bitter experience. Miss Diego wanted love and laughter—she was not the sort of woman who takes out insurance policies against disillusionment. Pug thanked heaven that he had made no promises to Rita. She had been afraid of the only thing he had to offer her—the future. Someand went through all the foolish, vain, possibly glorious, but certainly wasted royalist campaigns. What better death can you offer him—here before the people of Magella?"

Miss Diego frowned. "Papa," she said, "you are president. Tell them to take that horse out of the arena."

* * * *

GONELLI, very much amused, turned to the consul's box and bowed politely. "Signor Pug is a toreador," he said. "He told me so himself. Perhaps he can save the horse. I cannot. What do you say, Signor Pug?"

Pug got quickly to his feet. He smiled directly at Miss Diego. "So this is what you had up your sleeve, you darling," he thought. And her eyes said: "Go to it, Americano—winning was one of the things they taught me in Pittsburgh." Aloud she said, in her Pittsburghian-Spanish patois that always turned over something in Pug's innermost heart: "Would you be so kind?"

"I would," said Pug.

He vaulted over the railing of the shadowy room very simply furnished, and the consul threw himself down in a fine, old Italian chair, giving himself up to the business of keeping an eye on the courtyard through the half-open door. Pug discovered, as the afternoon faded into twilight and darkness slowly filled the room, that the consul loved Magella—that he would even die for it if necessary. For his part he preferred the stupid conservatism of Diego to Gonelli's political fanaticism.

Magella was still a medieval state; the provinces knew nothing of what went on in the capital. There had been no such thing as order, peace, or progress for a hundred years. Bands of marauders, like these nationalists of Gonelli's could crush the spirit of the country. There was not national self-respect of the country. There was no national self-respect. Diego—he declared with conviction—was upright, but cowardly. He had survived five years of his term of office because he had surrendered to every caprice of his manifold political advisers. He was alternately flattered into exalted self-confidence and bullied into the most abject uncertainty. His daughter—Ah, Pug had noticed the daughter—his daughter was intelligent, high-spirited, and reckless. If she had been a man, she might have helped Diego to restore the credit of the republic and do away with harmful agitators like Gonelli. But women in Magella could do little more than suffer for Magella in silence and humility. "It is true," the consul added thoughtfully, his voice proceeding from the shadows like a solemn, disembodied echo, "that all scrupulous Magellans want the American railway to go through. But they know that the first move on our part will bring about a conflict. And victory would elect Gonelli."

They were still sitting in the dark sala, watching the half-open door, when the sound of shooting in the streets became distinctly audible. There was a sharp rattle, like a stick being drawn along a picket fence. Then a deep, somber boom, rather far away, followed by a chorus of shouts and insane screams in the direction of Piazza Independenza. The consul got hurriedly to his feet and whispered to Pug. Together they ran into the court and, crossing it swiftly, mounted the outside stairway to the roof. The consul's Indian boy, sitting cross-legged in the shelter of a low chimney, got suddenly to his feet and came forward.

"There were men up here," he whispered, "watching. They have gone now."

The firing began again, and looking across the city toward the harbor, they could see a red smudge and the slow puffing up of lazy clouds of black smoke. Gonelli had set fire to the Fairchild company's docks, and with promises of plunder had led his army of malcontents to the water front. There was desultory firing along the Esplanade; then a determined attack on the railway stores. If any one was anxious to get rid of the young American engineer who had come to Magella to straighten out the matter of the Marias mines, his capture was forgotten in the excitement of looting water-front houses, terrifying innocent people who had had no time to run to shelter, and setting fire to anything that would blaze under the nationalist torches. It began in typical opera-bouffe fashion with the firing of a few harmless shots at the closed windows of the startled city and might have stopped before the nationalists got out of bounds had not a panic-stricken saloonkeeper shot at the rioters from a balcony over his shop. The place was broken into, the chairs, mirrors, lamps and bar all smashed into pulverized fragments, and the contents of the cellar poured down the looters' throats. After that it was not safe to venture out of doors within the city limits. Men who tried it were occasionally unmolested. Others less fortunate, crumpled up, and died in the gutters of a city they did not know how to defend.

* * * *

PUG and the American consul left just before dawn and went on foot, walking very slowly without any outward show of nervousness, the entire length of the Via Nazionale without encountering a soul. Every gate was locked, every window shuttered. The street lights burned dimly in the opaque darkness of that mysterious moment which comes just before the breaking of day. Behind them they could see the ruddy glare of the burning wharves and now and then, very far away and terrible, they heard the raucous, brutal yelling of the marauders. Their own footsteps echoed loudly against the stone walls of the houses. This part of Magella was as peaceful as a country village.

Yet Pug and the consul knew that behind every window there were people who crouched, listening, terrified, waiting for that tide of cruelty and violence to beat against the very walls that sheltered them.

"Providence is on our side," the consul said.

They left the outskirts of the city, passing the vast, semi-circular shadow of the Arena Goldoni, and entered the suburbs, where they had to climb a steep path which led up between villa walls to Bianchi's house. He was fully dressed, waiting for them in the garden, and in the faint, opalescent light of the coming dawn Pug saw a little old man, very martial, very fiery, shaken with boundless rage at Gonelli's outburst. He had seen the burning stores and had heard rifle shots. All night he had waited, pacing up and down his garden, bemoaning his helplessness.

"If I could have done something!" he wailed, fixing Pug and the consul with his bright, intense and very naive eyes. "I tell you, I would have killed Gonelli if I had known where to find him! What was Diego doing? Where are his police? Where, I ask you?"

Suddenly he grew calm shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "You are here, at any rate. I'm glad to see you both. Come into the house. I have some coffee for you, and cigarettes. As soon as you are rested we can start for Columbia. There is no doubt whatever that Gonelli will attack the Americans. Nome di Dio! What a barbaric country! I love every stick and stone of it, but there are times when I could cry at the stupidity of the people. They are either brigands or saints—no one is sane. I am too old to enjoy picturesque madness."

(Copyright, Dodd, Mead & Co.)

ONCE HE MOUNTED THE BULL'S BACK AND RODE FOR A HUNDRED YARDS, CLINGING TO THE OUTRAGED BEAST'S HORNS.

Pug's eyes with frank amusement. "Oh, I like anything."

"Then you'll like me." Pug sat down, cross-legged on the grass, clasped his hands around his knees, and looked at her with his soul in his eyes. "How did it happen," he demanded, "that you live in Magella? And how did you come to be in this garden?"

"I'm Miss Diego. Papa is the President of Magella just now."

"You mean it isn't a permanent job?"

She gave him a quick look and her brows met. "If you were sent by Gonelli to murder papa, you came too late. He's upstairs asleep and there are two armed guards outside his door."

Whereupon Pug told her the story of his life. Some girls might not have listened, but Miss Diego liked Pug's eyes. She would have listened to Mother Goose jingles if he had recited them. It was very quiet in the old garden; the lazy sentry by the palace door had fallen asleep in the warm sunlight; there was no sound but the tinkle and splash of the fountain, and Pug's voice. It was good to be young and pretty and fearless. Watching Pug out of her sleepy black eyes, Miss Diego knew that two years in Pittsburgh had spoiled her for Magellan love-making. Pug told her why he had come to Magella; he laid his sword at her feet—and all the while his eyes were saying: "I like you. I trust you. You're a wonder!" A Magellan would have said: "You're a silly little thing. I don't trust you around the corner. But I love you."

"I want to talk to your father," Pug said, leaning forward a little. "I want him to know that a Fairchild is always as good as his word. If you'll go and get him, Miss Diego, I'll make him believe me. I'm going to play fair with Magella. Don't you see, if Gonelli gets the upper hand, his nationalists will push your papa off the throne and Magella will go to the dogs."

Miss Diego nodded. She confided to him that her papa's life hung by a thread. He had always represented the conservative party; he was an aristocrat—a royalist at heart. He belonged to the dignified past of Magella; Gonelli was an upstart—an upstart with tremendous ambitions. Diego did not trust him, yet he could not ignore him because Gonelli controlled an unruly, inflammable mob of Indians, nondescript Latins, half-breed Magellans. "And some day," Miss Diego confessed, "Gonelli will kill my father. It won't be the first time that a Magellan president has paid for his ideals with his life."

Pug told her what he expected to do for Magella. It never occurred to her to doubt him. He had fallen out of the live oak and into her heart. She interrupted him with a decisive: "Yes, yes, I see! I'll get father—wait for me!" And then ran off across the brilliant garden, her white dress flashing in and out of the shadows until she disappeared within the palace door. When she came back she was leaning on her father's arm, whispering to him very earnestly. Pug scrambled to his feet and watched them coming toward him, his heart beating a good deal because she was such a wonderful girl, because she had said nothing about discipline or making good, or the real things of life, because she had seemed to like him and because she was willing to help him. Pug offered her the tribute of his inmost heart. Throwing back his head, he sought the very heights of eloquence. Grateful, exalted, he dug down into his soul for words. Aloud, he said in a shaken, ecstatic voice: "Some girl!"

* * * *

DIEGO did not like being dragged from siesta to interview strange young men fallen from the treetops into his garden. He was ruffled and sleepy. This was one of the many queer things Pittsburgh had done to his daughter. Diego was a tall, gray-bearded pompous man, who had lived for five years in terror of his life. Existence in the Magellan palace was a perpetual game of Alice-through-the-looking-glass. Diego never knew when he would be marched before a firing squad and shot against some sun-baked wall. He should have led an undisturbed life in peaceful obscurity. Poor Diego had grown into fame and power through his childish desire to go down in Magellan history as a wise and benevolent dictator. Magella was ungrateful. All around him there was continual plotting and counter-plotting, hatred, deceit and ambition.

He stared at Pug haughtily and sat down under the live oak with a slight groan of vexation. And over his ruffled old head the two young people exchanged a look full of questioning, encouragement and good-humor.

Pug talked well, because the girl was watching him. He told Diego that the Americans intended to put a railway along the old Indian trail from the Marias mines, "even with the contemptuous leader of the most radical element in Magella. Still, Diego liked to think of himself as the champion of civilization and order; he could picture a united Magella, a rich Magella linked to the rest of the world by railways and steamship lanes; he could vision the wealth of the Marias flowing steadily across the hills, leaving a rich deposit in the pockets of the people and in the national treasury. It was a pretty dream. Diego might have surrendered had he not happened to glance up just in time to see Gonelli coming through the garden. He was so terrified that he shouted at Pug furiously: "Never! You Americans have the audacity of the devil. Go back to your cowardly compatriots in the mountains and tell them that Diego will hold the Marias in the name of God and Magella." And he added, with infinite disgust, most evidently for Gonelli's benefit: "We despise you. The name Fairchild is a synonym for greed and selfishness. Adios, Senor Fairchild."

Gonelli stared at Pug in astonishment, since no one, to his knowledge, had left the American consulate within the hour. The two men bowed very politely; Pug, glancing quickly at the girl, found her eyes fixed on her father's face. She paid no further attention to him. Pug didn't even know her name, but he had fallen head over heels in love with her. He waited, staring miserably at her. He had stubbed his toe, after all.

Not looking at him, she said very graciously to Gonelli: "Papa and I expect you to join us tomorrow at the Arena Goldoni."

Pug's heart contracted. The little flirt! The heartless little devil! He might have known. He stuck his hands in the pockets of the consul's white linen clothes and stalked away across the garden, conscious of three pairs of amused eyes focused on the back of his head. The sleepy sentry led him through a cool arcade and opened a wooden gate. Pug found himself standing in the wide, dusty, blazing hot Piazza Independenza. A cab was waiting at the curb. Pug jumped in, slammed the door, and shouted through the window: "To the American consulate, pubito!" The cabman, who had been dozing pleasantly, woke with a start, and the ancient vehicle bounded furiously around the corner to the consulate. Pug jumped out and pounded with both fists on the closed door. A terrified Indian boy opened to him and Pug squeezed through just as the somnolent cabby, realising his mistake, splattered the door with bullets.

"Whew!" said Pug, and ran upstairs to the consul's office.

* * * *

"WELL," said the consul, who was sitting with his feet on the desk and his thumbs hooked under his suspenders, "here is David again! Have you slain Goliath with your little sling?"

"You are a pessimist," Pug answered. "Tell me, where is the Arena Goldoni, and what is going on there tomorrow?"

"A bullfight," said the consul, "Gonelli's play to the gallery. Gonelli, my dear chap, is a psychologist. He will buy popularity with that bullfight as surely as a professional kidnaper lures children with lollipops. He has invited every one in Magella."

"I'm going."

"Nonsense."

"You're a quitter."

The consul met Pug's eyes with a veiled look which might or might not have been a challenge. "Thanks. We'll go. Only the consequences are on your own head. Besides, McCarthy is waiting for you at the Santa Christina. The last boatload of Americans—about two hundred men—got to the settlement safely. But every time one of them steps a foot beyond the camp some sniper takes a pot shot at him from the hills. Gonelli has planted his nationalists behind every rock. How long do you expect McCarthy to hold his men back? They're on his nerves; they're on each other's nerves; they're on my nerves. Some one is going to explode."

Pug stared gloomily at the tips of his shoes. He was thinking of Miss Diego, of course. And it suddenly occurred to him that she had wanted him to go to the Arena Goldoni. Wanted him to go, by Jove! He turned to the consul with a shout: "McCarthy can wait! I'm going to the bull fight. I've got a hunch."

The consul puffed lazily at his cigarette and shut his eyes. "I'm on, David," he said. "This is your party."

The next day dawned like all Magellan days, brilliant, cloudless and serene. Pug, watching from his open window, saw the sun come up from behind the sea. He had not slept, even in the comfortable security of the consulate's best bedchamber, under a mosquito-bar canopy six feet high. To have slept would have been how he was proud to offer the future to Miss Diego—he had an idea that she might love him just for that.

* * * *

GONELLI had planned well. His lollipop offering to Magellan opinion was meant to dazzle, and it did. An hour before the imported toreadors entered the sanded ring the Arena Goldoni was packed with a gaudy, perspiring mob of Magella's forty-seven varieties. Their wide-brimmed, high-crowned hats, like a forest of grotesque mushrooms, were all the shelter they had from the sun. The fashion of Magella came late and settled itself, with a good many affectations, in the ring boxes flush with the arena and protected from it by a wooden fence. The consul's box, thanks to tact and forgotten courtesies, adjoined Diego's own conspicuous palco, and Pug and the consul entered it just before the president's party put in an appearance. There was a movement of surprise and curiosity when the two Americans arrived. A murmur of voices swept around the arena like a sudden wind, and there was a great craning of necks and tiptoeing in the boxes. It was well understood that war of some sort was imminent, and there were a good many conservative Magellans who feared Gonelli's ambition. Very few of the intelligensia doubted that the affair of the mines would leave the country already impoverished and misgoverned, into a quarrel with the United States. But the mob of joyous peons, Indians and half-castes packed into the steep stand were of a different temper. Gonelli had promised them loot.

Presently he came, and a great, inarticulate shout rose above the arena like the murmur of the sea. Diego, who entered the presidential box at the same time, was given a faint, shadowy imitation of that shout by the loyal aristocrats in the boxes. Diego, knowing how to feel the popular pulse, drew himself up angrily and stared down into the arena with a fixed, preoccupied and brooding look. And Miss Diego, turning her eyes briefly toward Pug, let him see in them her fear and her hope. Pug's face was expressionless, but his answering look was explicit as an oration. Behind her papa's pompous back she used a Morse code all of her own. Pug discovered that she had been soundly scolded, that she had cried all night, and that she hated Gonelli. Gonelli, accepting his ovation by the president's side, was too busy to know or to care. The bullfight was an atrocious, brutal, beautiful battle between Gonelli's hired matadors and picadors and three young bulls who had decided to die hard.

A dozen spindle-shanked, blindfolded horses, tottering with weakness and terror, were tossed on the bull's horns and left to die grotesquely in the bloodstained sand. Pug liked everything except the death agonies of those pathetic cab horses. He liked the blazing sun, the smiting blue of the sky, the rows and rows of laughing faces, the color, the beautiful agility of the fighters, the clouds of white dust, the fluttering of a thousand fans, the hoarse, staccato, gasping cheers, wrung from the very depths of certain those frantic Magellans. It was mad, it was electric, it was foot ball a la Spain; foot ball with a touch of cruelty, a paprika dash of blood and danger; foot ball in a comic opera setting of dark-eyed women, diplomats in fancy-dress costume, and revolutionists in sombreros. Pug divided his attention between the bullfight and Miss Diego's profile. He felt a wave of exultation every time her eyes met his; she may have cried all night, but there was a dancing devil of mischief in her smile now.

"What on earth has she got up her sleeve?" Pug wondered.

He soon found out. One of the bullfighters rode into the ring mounted on a horse that by its clean lines and spirited bearing proved itself to be an old cavalry horse. Pug's heart contracted when he caught sight of the new victim. Cab horses were bad enough, but to sacrifice a fine old horse like that——

"It's rotten," he said to the consul. "That horse isn't even blindfolded. Look at him—he thinks he's on parade. And the crowd is laughing. Good Lord!"

"Keep still," the consul answered with an amiable smile, "if you don't want to get in wrong. This is a Roman holiday."

Behind him Pug heard Miss Diego's clear voice. She said something in Italian to Gonelli. The nationalist leader flushed and shook his head, and old Diego, turning around with a terrific frown, said distinctly: "Taci, carina—sport is sport."

"It isn't sport to kill a cavalry horse," she said in English. "Signor Gonelli, will you save him?"

"Signorina, I cannot. The people are excited. It will be good sport while it lasts. Besides, the horse is old. He belonged to Gen. Martino, box, straddled the wooden fence, hesitated for a second while two ridiculous Magellan policemen in cocked hats made futile grabs at his legs, and then dropped lightly into the arena. Behind him he heard Gonelli shout: "Let him mount! Give him the gray horse!" And a roar of voices, rising suddenly from the great crowd, sounded like an explosion of thunder, or the deep booming of siege cannon. Pug was blinded by the white glare of the hot sand. But he caught the bridle of the big gray as he passed, saw the astounded picador slip to the ground and sprint to the fence, vaulting it nimbly with a flash of his white-stockinged legs. Then Pug mounted, leaned forward to speak to the old horse in a quiet, urgent voice, and knew suddenly that every eye in Magella was focused on him. For a brief second he felt like a nervous tenor planted in the spotlight for the big aria in "Carmen." Then he threw back his head, stared the crowd in the face, and waved his hand. The bull was in a corner of the ring, his head lowered, his bored, somber eyes fixed on an agile youngster in a velevt jacket who was tempting Providence with a red scarf. Pug felt the old gray's body tremble. He saw the agile youngster step aside, and the bull, baffled, furious, disgusted, tore across the bloody arena with death in his eye.

What happened then Pug himself could never remember. In five minutes he learned more about bullfighting than he could have learned at Joselito's right hand. It was easy enough to dodge the bull's infuriated charges so long as the old horse kept his head. When Pug tired of that he dismounted and played tiddledywinks with Magellan feelings. One-stepping at Claridge's and jumping through Manhattan hoops had taught him how to step fast, how to dodge trouble, and how to come up smiling. He heard roars of approval around him, and he found something in his blood. Keeping his tireless self between that bull and Miss Diego's horse was the best thing life had offered him. The professional toreadors panted at his heels. He broke every rule of the game. He knew nothing except that he hated that bull, and that somehow he intended to get him. Before his eyes the world was a dancing kaleidoscope of scarlet and gold, a dizzy jumble of sombreros, sky, dust and twinkling legs. Every time he sidestepped the enemy he heard faintly that satisfied howl from Gonelli's nationalists. They could forget the Yankee in the picador, the enemy in the good sport. Pug's heart warmed to them. Once he mounted the bull's back and rode for a hundred yards, clinging to the outraged beast's horns and shouting like a maniac.

"This isn't building railways," he thought; "but it's making friends for me. Oh, that wonderful girl! I'll bet she knew!"

Of course she knew. She watched the Americano with shining eyes.

"You made a mistake," she cried, laughing at Gonelli's chagrin. "The Magellans like your Signor Pug—listen to them!"

Pug had tired out the bull, just as he had tired New York in those dim days of Broadway hoop-jumping. The bull stood, swaying drunkenly, his feet planted wide apart, his head drooping. Little streams of blood trickled down his sides and spattered in the dust. Pug swung his arms, took a deep breath, and held out his hand to Gonelli's imported matador. "Give me the sword," he panted. "This is my bull."

* * * *

SO it was. A few thousand Magellan sombreros spun skyward at the death. Pug turned, raised his hand, and grinned. Then he mounted Miss Diego's horse, galloped to the gate and through into the dusty piazza outside the Arena Goldoni, a mob of men and boys racing at his heels until he had crossed the piazza and had disappeared down the narrow Via Nazionale toward the heart of the city. Something told him that it was best not to wait for Miss Diego's smile. He rode straight to the consulate, led the big gray through the front door and tethered him in the courtyard where he could lip peacefully at the consul's flower beds. Then Pug bathed himself, and while he was waiting for the consul taught the green and gold parrot to say "Abasso Gonelli!" in a horrible falsetto squeak.

When the consul came he threw his hat up in the air and danced a few ecstatic steps. "Glory be to God," he whispered, "I have shouted myself hoarse. I have cheered like a maniac. Why, boy, that crowd was eating out of your hand! The name Signor Pug ran like wildfire around the Arena Goldoni this afternoon. Gonelli's followers think that you are possessed of the devil. You are in danger of becoming popular. So popular, in fact, that I advise your coming into the house. Gonelli's zealous hero worshipers might try a shot or two from the roof."

They went into the cool sala, a big,

# CARE OF WAR'S VETERANS IS NATIONAL DEFENSE GUARANTEE

## Representative Frothingham Asserts That Spirit of Those Who Fought Should Be Maintained by Justice to Service Men.

BY W. S. MANN.

"THE best guarantee of a spirited citizen army when the United States needs one is in the care now of the heroes of the past wars." Thus speaks Representative Louis A. Frothingham, himself a veteran of two wars, a member of the House military affairs committee, who is going to make it his special business in the present session to see that justice, "and then some," is done to service men. As evidence that Representative Frothingham is willing to give his own money as well as Uncle Sam's in the interests of the former fighters, it should be mentioned that he and Mrs. Frothingham recently gave a gymnasium to the American Legion post in their home town, North Easton, Mass.

Frothingham is a good illustration of the new type of congressmen who have come in with the Harding administration determined to work out ideals of public service and put some "pep" in legislation. He is a "man's man," a hard fighter, with abundant "sand," and is a thoroughly red blooded American. He brings to Congress the same spirit which he infused into the base ball team he captained at Harvard in 1892 and 1893, when they were champions under his leadership. He made each batter "run it out" to first even though three strikes were called. The same spirit he displayed on the foot ball team, where he played so hard he frequently had to be carried off the field.

* * * *

"I know the spirit of men that carried the best in the nation into battle; I know the unmatched spirit they showed when they went over the top, in the trenches and when they were eating their hearts out in training camps," said Representative Frothingham. "It is because I want to see that spirit preserved unbroken and go surging through the future of this country, equally as much as from humanitarian sentiments that I shall work with many other friends of the soldiers in Congress for a definite and adequate program of legislation in behalf of those who served the country in the hour of need." Then with the hard-headed sagacity of Yankee ancestors, Representative Frothingham suggested: "It's good business for Uncle Sam to square accounts with the boy fighters It's like paying out money for insurance, and it will serve notice to the world more effectively than any peace treaty or league of nations that we are building up the morale of our people in times of peace which will not stand for any foreign aggressions."

Yes Representative Frothingham knew the spirit that carried the boys into action. He felt it himself in '98 when he was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Marine Corps and commanded the guard on the U. S. S. Yankee in Cuban waters during the war with Spain.

He felt it again when the hun raids on civilization brought the world to war. He went overseas accompanied by his wife, as a member of the Massachusettes commission to assist the boys. They established a bureau of information for the Bay state soldiers, visited them in camp on the way to Toul and spent freely of their lives, and fortune to make "our boys" as comfortable as they could. Representative Frothingham during the war by personal efforts helped to build up the morale of the trenches, just as now he wants to build it up in the hospitals and homes where the explosions and gas and pestilence and hardships of war have laid a destroying or discouraging hand on American youth.

While "over there" Frothingham again grew impatient to get into uniform. He came back home, was commissioned as a major and served out the war attached to the adjutant general's office in Washington. So he knows the story of the late war from various angles.

His former fellows in arms know him as a "buddie" who will "go through" for them. They made him first vice commander of the Massachusetts Branch (state headquarters) of the American Legion. He also was the first post commander of George S. Shepard Post, in his home town.

* * * *

He comes to Congress well trained to be an efficient legislator. He was an honor student at Harvard and is now an overseer of Harvard University. He has been a success in private business. He is president of one bank and director in several others. Some years ago he learned the rudiments of congressional life as private secretary to former Representative William C. Levering. For five years he was a member of the Massachusetts state legislature, for two years he was speaker and for three years lieutenant governor.

This by education, by business training and by legislative experience he qualifies for active and efficient prominence in the new congress. More than that, he has always kept up his athletics, specializing now in golf, and is physically "fit." Of medium size, frame sturdily knit, with a strong grip and arms with knotting muscles, countenance clear and ruddy, keen eye and brisk stride, he attracts attention even when he seeks to be inconspicuous.

There is another thing about Representative Frothingham that will help him in his fight to get for the former service men "all that is good for them," and that is his genial personality, his keen sense of appreciation for any assistance and a wide acquaintance among those who are influential, in which circle he is especially well esteemed. He was a friend of the late Col. Roosevelt, who when Frothingham was speaker of the Massachusetts state legislature and Cannon was Speaker of the national House of Representatives gave a dinner at the White House so they could meet, and had the most prominent political leaders there to greet them. Probably none of the new men in the House, or few of the older ones, have a better standing among the political powers in this country than "Louie" Frothingham.

"Whatever ability or influence I have will be given in service for the service men," he said, and added, "It could not be put to a better use."

(Copyright, 1921, by The Washington Star.)

# Frederick Ward

## A Forgotten Hero

BY WILLIAM STUART FLEMING.

IN 1850 the Taiping rebellion broke out in southern China and between then and 1860 the Taipings had ravaged the whole of the southern and eastern parts of the country, penetrated the Yangtse valley and captured all of the cities in the provinces of Chekiang and Kiangsu south of the Yangtse river except Shanghai. They had ruined six hundred cities, sacrificed over twenty million lives and were guilty of unheard-of excesses and unspeakable atrocities. Shanghai was threatened and the foreign communities there were greatly alarmed. Indeed, there seemed nothing to prevent these savage hordes overrunning the whole of China and bringing it to complete ruin.

Attracted by this warfare, an American named Frederick Townsend Ward, a native of Salem, Mass., who had served with the French in Crimea, went to Shanghai in 1860 to offer his services to the Chinese government. After viewing the situation he advised the government that he could recapture the cities in the vicinity held by the Taipings, but that it would require considerable money to raise and equip a force for that purpose. The Chinese, at first skeptical, finally arranged with him to pay after "the goods were delivered." Ward was no bluffer and set about raising a force to recapture Sunkiang, a stronghold near Shanghai, which the Taipings held. He gathered a hundred foreigners of all nationalities, but with a large proportion of Americans, and with them, by a clever and rapid night assault, took one of the principal fortified gateways in the city wall, which he held against desperate counter attacks until the imperial troops could enter. As a result, a very large force of Taipings garrisoning the city were either killed, captured or routed. This was the first substantial victory the government forces had gained for many years.

Ward immediately found high favor with the Chinese. Decorations and honors were showered upon him and he was commissioned a general in the imperial army. He reorganized the forces, which he officered in part from his own men, not a few of whom showed marked ability. From then the tide of battle changed. Ward struck a series of rapid and successful blows and the Taipings lost to him one city after another. He secured the confidence and co-operation of the French and British naval commanders, who participated with their fleets in a number of engagements at the seaports. His forces became known as "the ever-victorious army" and as such are described in Chinese history today.

In 1862 Ward was directed by the government to take Ningpo, a large city on the coast below Shanghai, held by the rebels. The task was difficult, but he entered upon it with the same confidence, vigor and devotion to duty which had characterized his previous efforts and assured his great achievements. On September 21, while storming the city, Ward fell, mortally wounded. The city was taken, however, and the Taipings suffered a crushing blow.

The loss of Ward was mourned by the Chinese. Posthumous honors were conferred by imperial edict. High officials of the government were sent from Peking to attend the burial services, which were held at Sunkiang, the scene of his first victory. Memorial tablets were erected at Ningpo and Sunkiang and at the other principal battlefields. By imperial order annually throughout the monarchy until its overthrow in 1911 officials proceeded to the tomb to make sacrificial offerings over his remains. It is believed that, unmindful of the old traditions, the republican government has no longer continued these, but a loyal American missionary, Rev. John Burke of Sunkiang, has arranged with the Chinese military commander of the forces now in the district to care for the tomb and its surroundings.

Returning recently to the United States from long residence in China, the writer has, while in Washington, con-

templated with pride the respect which has been shown the great men of other lands who served us in the revolutionary war. Noble statues have been erected in their honor, and rightly so, for they served humanity, freedom and us. The thought also has possessed me that we have neglected and forgotten the hero we sent from here. The achievements of Frederick Ward rank well up on the rolls of valor in history and his romantic career is typically American, since he rose from obscurity to a place commanding the respect of the world.

It is wrong to call him mercenary. The money he received from the Chinese went to pay his men, as at the beginning of his services he had to act as paymaster as well. Ward was a military genius, and this with his loyalty, devotion to duty, energy and ability, marked him as one of the great leaders of men. The incentive for his life's work, without doubt, was the horror in which he held the excesses perpetrated by the Taipings and his great love of humanity.

Reference to the life and career of Frederick Ward is seldom found in American publications. The British, on the other hand, have paid all honor to his successor in the Chinese service, Gen. Charles George Gordon. Our neglect can only be explained by the fact that at the time of his service and death in China we were engaged in our civil war and achievements such as these in foreign fields escaped attention. Here it may be mentioned that, prior to his death, Ward was hoping to finish his work in China at an early date and return home for service with his own government.

## His Lavender Honey.

W. B. TRITES, a novelist, tells a story about lavender honey.

"In the highlands behind the French Riviera"—so his story runs—"the mountains all summer long are purple with lavender. The bees, feeding on this lavender, produce a honey with a delicate, elusive lavender flavor—lavender honey, the finest in the world.

"Well, there was an American who used to spend his summers at Castellane, in the heart of the lavender honey district. An Englishman runs a summer hotel there with English servants. It's a nice place—cheap and primitive, but clean.

"Now this American got married in due course, and on the wedding journey he took his bride to Castellane, promising her, as a great treat, lavender honey every morning for breakfast.

"But when the bride and bridegroom came down to breakfast the first morning of their stay at Castellane there was no honey on the table.

"'Where's my honey?' said the American bridegroom angrily.

"The English waiter glanced at the bride and coughed.

"'I, sir—er——'

"'Where's my honey?' shouted the bridegroom, more angrily than ever.